

For The Children

WHEN THE TEACHER GETS CROSS.

When teacher gets cross, and her brown eyes get black,
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack,
We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers instead of a spine!
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin
When teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.

When teacher gets cross the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playing tricks;
The pluses and minuses is just little smears;
When the cry-babies cry all their slates up with tears;
The figgers won't add, and they act up like sin—
When teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in.

When teacher gets cross, the readers get bad;
The lines jiggle round till the chilluns is sad,
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and the lesson were running a race!
Till she hollows out, "Next!" as sharp as a pin—
When teacher gets cross, and the dimples goes in:

When teacher gets good, her smile is so bright,
The tables get straight, and the readers get right.
The pluses and minuses come trooping along,
And figgers adds up and stops being wrong,
And we chilluns would like (but we dassent) to shout,
When teacher gets good, and the dimples comes out.

For the Presbyterian.

LITTLE ESTHER'S CROSS.

By Esther Brooks.

Little Esther was seven years old. She had just had a birthday party with everything in pink and white. She thought she had never seen anything prettier in her life than the big white cake with its seven tiny pink candles, all blinking and winking joyously. She and her little guests had played "hide and seek," "hide the switch," and "going to Jerusalem," until they were tired. Esther was very happy, indeed!

Of all the little gifts her birthday had brought, she best liked the doll her mamma had given her. It had lovely brown eyes and flaxen hair and such rosy cheeks! Then she was dressed as Esther had not seen a doll before. The underclothes were of white crepe paper and her dainty dress of the pink, and they were all tied with white ribbon. The hat was pink outside and white inside and tied under her chin with a great white bow. Esther loved the doll very much. She called her Rosie.

The Sunday afternoon before her birthday party, Esther's mother had been trying to teach her what it meant "to take up a cross." Then her mamma played and they sang together over and over:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me,"

until Esther knew the words by heart.

About two weeks later a little girl named Ruth came to spend the afternoon with Esther. They played games, fixed the doll house, played with dimpled baby James, and finally got out the tea set and

Esther begged mamma for "just a little wee speck" of cake, candy, and preserves for a little tea party.

Ruth was two years younger than Esther. Her parents were poor and she had few toys or pleasures. The whole afternoon was like a dream to her and the most beautiful thing of it all to her was Esther's new pink and white doll. Ruth looked at it with wistful eyes and begged Esther to let her take it home with her for just one night. Esther said she couldn't part with Rosie even for a night; but Ruth pleaded so earnestly that Esther's little heart melted. Then she remembered what her mother had told her about taking up her cross. So she said to Ruth: "'Scuse me. I'll be back in a little minute," and, running to her mother, she said: "Mamma, Ruth wants my dollie so bad. If I give Rosie to her will that be taking up my cross?"

"Yes, darling," said her mother—and her eyes filled with tears—"yes; that will certainly be taking up your cross; and God will bless his little girl."

Singing to herself in a little high key:

"No; there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me,"

Esther ran gladly out and told Ruth that she might take the dollie home and keep her always. Ruth's eyes sparkled and she could hardly believe her ears, as she hugged the doll tight in her chubby arms and fairly danced in her glee. Never did she put her down once until she went home and she and Rosie were happy together for many a day.

A few mornings later when Esther came down to breakfast she found a very small package lying in her plate. It was wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with a bright ribbon.

"Oh, mamma, what is it?" Esther cried in delight.

"Open it and see," said mamma.

So Esther's little fingers jerked at the ribbon and awkwardly pulled the paper off and there was a pretty little box tied with another ribbon. When at last she had gotten it open she saw lying upon the downy cotton a tiny bright golden cross.

"Oh, mamma, where did it come from and is it for me for my very own?" said Esther.

"Yes, dear. Your Father and I got it for you so that you can see it every day and always remember that if we bear our crosses as they come, sooner or later, they will all become crosses of gold."

SALLY SWEET-SHOE.

By Elizabeth Hill.

"How did we celebrate holidays in Stroudwater when I was a boy?" repeated Greatuncle Ned. "Oh, we met at somebody's house and had a candy scrape! Don't bother me—I'm reading the paper."

"Molasses candy?" asked Ruth.

"Yes. Don't I tell you I'm reading the paper?"

"How many of you were there, altogether?"

"Twenty. Keep still, now. I don't want to tell stories, I'm reading the paper."

"You must have had a big kettle."